Numb. CCCXVII.

The SPECTATOR.

———*fruges conſumere nati.* Hor.

Tueſday, March 4. 1712.

Auguſtus, a few Moments before his Death, asked his Friends who ſtood about him, if they thought he had acted his Part well; and upon receiving ſuch an Anſwer as was to his extraordinary Merit, *Let me then*, ſays he, *off the Stage with your Applauſe*; uſing the Expreſſion with which the *Roman* Actors made their Exit at the Concluſion of a Dramatick Piece. I could wiſh that Men, while they are in Health, would conſider well the Nature of the Part they are engaged in, and what Figure it will make in the Eyes of thoſe they leave behind them: whether it was worth coming into the World for, whether it be ſuitable to a reaſonable Being, in ſhort, whether it appears Graceful in this Life, or will turn to Advantage in the next. Let the Sycophant, or Buffoon, the Satyriſt, or the Good Companion, conſider with himſelf, when his Body ſhall be laid in the Grave, and his Soul paſs into another State of Exiſtence, how much it will redound to his Praiſe to have it ſaid of him, that no Man in *England* Eat better, that he had an admirable Talent at turning his Friends into Ridicule, that no body out-did him at an Ill-natured Jeſt, or that he never went to Bed before he had diſpatched his third Bottle. Theſe are, however, very common Funeral Orations, and Elogiums on deceaſed Perſons who have acted among Mankind with ſome Figure and Reputation.

But if we look into the Bulk of our Species, they are Men as are not likely to be remember'd a Moment after their Diſappearance They leave behind them no Traces of their Exiſtence, but are forgotten as tho' they had never been. They are neither wanted by the Poor, regretted by the Rich, or celebrated by the Learned. They are neither miſs'd in the Commonwealth, nor lamented by private Perſons. Their Actions are of no Significancy to Mankind, and might have been performed by Creatures of much leſs Dignity, than thoſe who are diſtinguiſhed by the Faculty of Reaſon. An eminent *French* Author thinks ſomewhere to the following Purpoſe: I have often ſeen from my Chamber-window two noble Creatures, both of them of an erect Countenance, and endow'd with Reaſon. Theſe two intellectual Beings are employ'd from Morning to Night, in rubbing two ſmooth Stones one upon another; that is to ſay, in poliſhing Marble.

My Friend, Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, as we were ſitting in the Club laſt Night, gave us an Account of a ſober Citizen, who died a few Days ago. This honeſt Man being of greater Conſequence in his own Thoughts, than in the Eye of the World, had for ſome Years paſt kept a Journal of his Life. Sir ANDREW ſhewed us one Week of it. The Occurrences ſet down in it mark out ſuch a Way of Action, as that I have been ſpeaking of, I will preſent my Reader with a faithful Copy of it; not having firſt informed him, that the Deceaſed Man had in his Youth been bred to Trade, but finding himſelf not ſo well turned for Buſineſs, he had for ſeveral Years laſt paſt lived altogether upon a handſome Annuity.

MONDAY, *Eight a Clock.* I put on my Cloaths and walked into the Parlour.

Nine a Clock, ditto. Tied my Knee-ſtrings, and waſhed my Hands.

Hours Ten, Eleven and Twelve. Smoaked three Pipes of *Virginia*. Read the *Supplement* and *Daily Courant*. Things go ill in the North. Mr. *Nisby*'s Opinion thereupon.

One a Clock in the Afternoon. Chid *Ralph* for miſlaying my Tobacco-Box.

Two a Clock. Sat down to Dinner. *Mem.* Too many Plumbs, and no Sewet.

From Three to Four. Took my Afternoon's Nap.

From Four to Six. Walked into the Fields. Wind, S. S. E.

From Six to Ten. At the Club. Mr. *Nisby*'s Opinion about the Peace.

Ten a Clock. Went to Bed, ſlept ſound.

TUESDAY, BEING HOLLIDAY, *Eight a Clock.* Roſe as uſual.

Nine a Clock. Waſhed Hands and Face, ſhaved, put on my double ſoaled Shoes.

Ten, Eleven, Twelve. Took a Walk to *Iſlington*.

One. Took a Pot of Mother *Cob*'s Mild.

Between Two and Three. Returned, dined on a Knuckle of Veal and Bacon. *Mem.* Sprouts wanting.

Three. Nap as uſual.

From Four to Six. Coffee-houſe. Read the News. A Diſh of Twiſt. Grand Vizier ſtrangled.

From Six to Ten. At the Club. Mr. *Nisby*'s Account of the great Turk.

Ten. Dream of the Grand Vizier. Broken Sleep.

WEDNESDAY, *Eight a Clock.* Tongue of my Shooe Buckle broke. Hands but not Face.

Nine. Paid off the Butchers Bill. *Mem.* To be allowed for the laſt Leg of Mutton.

Ten, Eleven. At the Coffee-houſe. More Work in the North. Stranger in a black Wigg asked me how Stocks went.

From Twelve to One. Walked in the Fields. Wind to the South.

From One to Two. Smoaked a Pipe and a half.

Two. Dined as uſual. Stomach good.

Three. Nap broke by the falling of a Pewter Diſh. *Mem.* Cook-maid in Love, and grown careleſs.

From Four to Six. At the Coffee-houſe. Advice from *Smyrna*, that the Grand Vizier was firſt of all ſtrangled, and afterwards beheaded.

Six a Clock in the Evening. Was half an Hour in the Club before any Body elſe came. Mr. *Nisby* of Opinion, that the Grand Vizier was not ſtrangled the Sixth Inſtant.

Ten at Night. Went to Bed. Slept without waking till Nine next Morning.

THURSDAY, *Nine a Clock.* Staid within till Two a Clock for Sir *Timothy*. Who did not bring me my Annuity according to his Promiſe.

Two

Two in the Afternoon. Sate down to Dinner. Loſs of Appetite. Small Beer ſowr. Beef overcorn'd.

Three. Could not take my Nap.

Four and Five. Gave *Ralph* a Box on the Ear. Turn'd off my Cookmaid. Sent a Meſſage to Sir *Timothy*. *Mem.* I did not go to the Club to Night. Went to Bed at Nine a Clock.

FRIDAY. Paſs'd the Morning in Meditation upon Sir *Timothy*, who was with me a Quarter before Twelve.

Twelve a Clock. Bought a new Head to my Cane, and a Tongue to my Buckle. Drank a Glaſs of Purl to recover Appetite.

Two and Three. Dined, and Slept well.

From Four to Six. Went to the Coffee-houſe. Met Mr. *Nisby* there. Smoaked ſeveral Pipes. Mr. *Nisby* of opinion that laced Coffee is bad for the Head.

Six a Clock. At the Club as Steward. Sat late.

Twelve a Clock. Went to Bed; dreamt that I drank Small-beer with the Grand Vizier.

SATURDAY. Waked at Eleven, walked in the Fields, Wind N. E.

Twelve. Caught in a Shower.

One in the Afternoon. Returned home, and dryed my ſelf.

Two. Mr. *Nisby* dined with me. Firſt Courſe Marrow-bones, Second Ox Cheek, with a Bottle of *Brooks* and *Hellier*.

Three a Clock. Overſlept my ſelf.

Six. Went to the Club. Like to have faln into a Gutter. Grand Vizier certainly Dead.

&c.

I queſtion not, but the Reader will be ſurprized to find the abovementioned Journaliſt taking ſo much care of a Life that was filled with ſuch inconſiderable Actions, and received ſo very ſmall Improvements; and yet, if we look into the Behaviour of many whom we daily converſe with, we ſhall find that moſt of their Hours are taken up in thoſe three Important Articles of Eating, Drinking and Sleeping. I do not ſuppoſe that a Man loſes his Time, who is not engaged in Publick Affairs, or in an Illuſtrious Courſe of Action. On the contrary, I believe our Hours may very often be more profitably laid out in ſuch Tranſactions as make no Figure in the World, than in ſuch as are apt to draw upon them the Attention of Mankind. One may become wiſer and better by ſeveral Methods of Employing ones ſelf in Secrecy and Silence, and do what is laudable without Noiſe or Oſtentation. I would, however, recommend to every one of my Readers, the keeping a Journal of their Lives for one Week, and ſetting down punctually their whole Series of Employments during that Space of Time. This kind of Self-Examination would give them a true State of themſelves, and incline them to conſider ſeriouſly what they are about. One Day would rectifie the Omiſſions of another, and make a Man weigh all thoſe indifferent Actions, which, though they are eaſily forgotten, muſt certainly be accounted for.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

AT the Queen's Theatre in the Hay-Market, this preſent Tueſday being the 4th of March, will be perform'd an Opera called Hamlet. By Subſcription. With ſeveral Entertainments of Dancing by ſix new Dancers. No Perſon to be admitted without Tickets, which will be delivered out this Day at Mrs. White's Chocolate houſe. Firſt Gallery 5 s. Upper Gallery 2 s. Box and Stage Fifteen Shillings. To begin exactly at ſix. By Her Majeſty's Command no Perſons are to be admitted behind the Scenes.

In a few Days after the Sale of the Extraordinary Collection of Pictures, by the Ingenious Mr. Graham, will be expoſed another very good Collection, of which further Notice will be given.

Juſt Publiſh'd,

The Hiſtory of Prince Mirabel's Infancy, Riſe and Diſgrace, with the ſudden Promotion of Novicius. In which are determin'd all the Intrigues, both Amorous and Political, relating to thoſe memorable Adventures; as alſo the Characters of the old and new Favourites of both Sexes in the Court of Britomarcia, collected from the Memoirs of a Courtier lately Deceaſed. Printed for J. Baker in Pater-Noſter Row, price 1 s. Where may be had the Triumph of Envy, or the Viſion of Shilock the Jew, with a fine Cut, pr. 6 d.

This Day is Publiſh'd,

A Letter againſt Popery, particularly againſt admitting the Authority of Fathers and Councils in Controverſies of Religion. By Sophia Charlotte, the late Queen of Pruſſia. Being an Anſwer to a Letter written to her Majeſty by Father Vola, an Italian Jeſuit, Confeſſor to King Auguſtus. There is prefix'd by the Publiſher a Letter containing the Occaſion of the Queen's Writing, and an Apology for the Church of England. pr. 6 d. Cymbalum Mundi, or Satyrical Dialogues on ſeveral Subjects. By Bonaventuro des Periers, pr. 1 s. Both Printed for A. Baldwin in Warwick-lane.

Dr. Sydenham's compleat Method of curing almoſt all Diſeaſes, and Deſcription of their Symptoms. To which is now added five Diſcourſes of the ſame Author, concerning the Plague, Gout, Hyſterical Paſſion, Dropſie and Rheumatiſm. Abridg'd, and faithfully Tranſlated out of the Original Latin, with ſhort and uſeful Notes on the former Parts written by a late learned Phyſician, and never before Printed. The Fourth Edition. Printed for Tho. Hawkins and Rich. Parker under the Piazza of the Royal Exchange.

The Danger and Folly of Evil Courſes, being a Practical Diſcourſe, ſhewing the baſe and vile Nature of Sin, with the dreadful Conſequences of it, as well in this World, as that which is to come; with ſuch effectual Remedies, as if rightly applied, will prevent it, and bring Men to a true Love of God and Religion. Partly extracted from the Writings of Archbiſhop Tillotſon, Archbiſhop Sharp, Bps. Taylor, Stillingfleet, Patrick, Dr. Scott, Dr. Horneck, Lucas, Sherlock, Stanhope, Mr. Kettlewell, Jugde Hale, &c. By Francis Hewarſine, Preſbyter of the Church of England. Printed for D. Brownea: the Black Swan without Temple bar. price 1 s.

To be Lett or Sold, a Handſom Large Brick House, with 8 ſh. windows, Situate near the Thames in Fulham 4 Miles from London, with Coach-houſe, Stables, and other Conveniences, with pleaſant Gardens well Planted with Fruit and Greens all in good Repair. Enquire of Mr. Sunde s, Brewer, at Fulham or of Mr. Saorthoſe an Apothecary, againſt Bungerford Market the Strand.

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To be Sold a fine young Bay Stone Horſe, come five, well broke, fit for Hunting, or the Road. He ſtands at the White Hart in Shug lane, at the upper end of the Hay-market. Enquire there for Edward Tuder. Note, The Horſe has very good Meat in him.

An infallible Electuary for Coughs and Colds, which immediately and ſafely cures them to admiration, takes away all Wheezing, Shortneſs of Breath, difficulty of Breathing, Soreneſs or Rawneſs of the Stomach or Wind-pipe; is Healing and Balſamick, cauſes gentle and eaſie Expectoration, rectifies all manner of diſorders of the Lungs, preſerving them intire, ſound and good, certainly curing even Ulcers therein; removes all old ſhort Coughs, cures the Phthiſick and Aſthma to a Miracle, alſo Catarrhs or Defluxions of Rheum, &c. Its Noble Virtues are inexpreſſible, for it effectually and quickly cures all ſorts of Coughs, Colds and Diſorders of the Breaſt and Lungs to a Wonder; 'tis not to be equall'd. Price 2 s. 6 d. a Pot. With Directions. Sold only at Mr. Payn's Toyſhop at the Angel and Crown in St. Paul's Church-yard near Cheapſide.

LONDON: Printed for *Sam. Buckley*, at the *Dolphin* in *Little-Britain*; and Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*; where Advertiſements are taken in; as alſo by *Charles Lillie*, Perfumer, at the Corner of *Beauford-Buildings* in the *Strand*.